

The Future (Ain't What It Used To Be)

Leeway

Uncle Sam is in his rocking chair.
His ageless face is all a gaunt and weared (sic).
He tries to find solutions.
We all support you with that honest hand.
Under the table, just like we don't care.

So what's a future that's desperate?
OH NO, I won't wait.
What's to make in an honest game?
You gonna break in your claim to fame.
Satisfaction or a shattered life?

And so you have yourself another go, but it's just another wasted day.
A life full of dreams ain't all what it seems.
Caught like a rat in the middle of a deathtrap.
While life to you is on hold, everyone seems cold.
With no one to rest your morals or laurels to.
Cock a doodle-do.
But you can't feel it, but you can't feel it.
It doesn't feel the same way.
Still you keep trying, still you keep trying.
It's just another wasted day.
Just another wasted day.